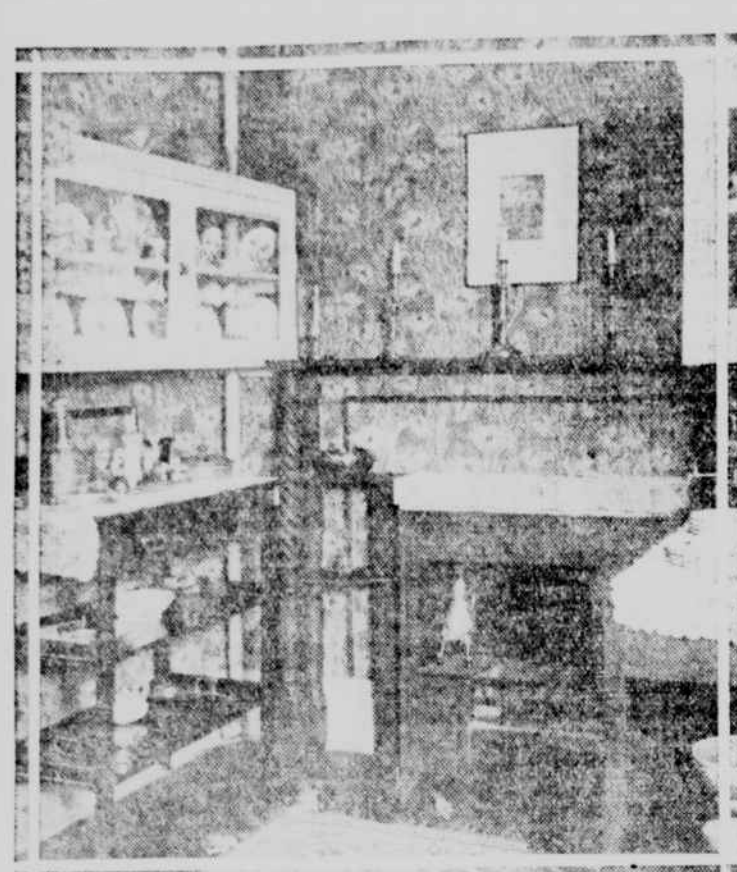


THE PLEASANT ART OF STABLE TRANSFORMATION



A dining room corner, with the gleam of brass candlesticks against the poppy walls.

She Has the Secret of What Paint and Paper and Carpenters Can Do and She Uses It.

STABLE spells studio to Mrs. William Burrirt. Houses more or less, bungalows, flats, mansions and homesteads she can pass without feeling the creative desire to remake and remodel the within her. But stables somehow are different. Three times in Chicago and twice in New York she has seen and not resisted the possibilities that lie in the hard, simple construction of Dobbin's stalls.

Each barn to be remade that falls within her hand is more fascinating than the last. It was she who took the old Hamilton Fish place, in East Nineteenth Street, on the lower end of "Block Beautiful." Two run-down, three story brick buildings were hers to start with. The lots were 20 by 60 feet, and with this allowance she has developed two enchanting homes, one for herself and one for her daughter, Mrs. Harold Deming. Friends not in the secret never dreamed that the ramshackle bit of property she set her eye on had been for fifty years of palmy days the property of the Fish family, and they called her mad when she set about taking a lease on places that to eyes without dreams looked nothing but dingy and dirty.

But Mrs. Burrirt, snuggled in her attractive stable before last, part of the old A. T. Stewart estate in East Thirtieth Street, with her practical

She Can't Help It--And Mrs. William Burrirt Turns Stables Into Studios, the Older and More Forlorn the Stable the More Enchanting the Studio

walls were brought to a life of glowing color. Window boxes filled with English ivy and pots of rosy red geraniums and old-fashioned hooded entrances lend to the quaintness of this home she has made for herself, and it shows bright along the street, for the woodwork is all of pleasant green and the body of the house fresh painted a dull rust-tinted red.

gather diamond-wise. Both the walls and the ceiling of the room, or conservatory, as it is termed by courtesy, are covered with it, and the charming effect produced is heightened by the introduction of pots of Boston fern and big tubs of English box.

One of the most perplexing constructional problems Mrs. Burrirt was called on to solve was in bridging the fourteen foot space between the two build-



Stairs and beamed ceiling, reflected from the lustre of whose paint the sun lights up the studio.

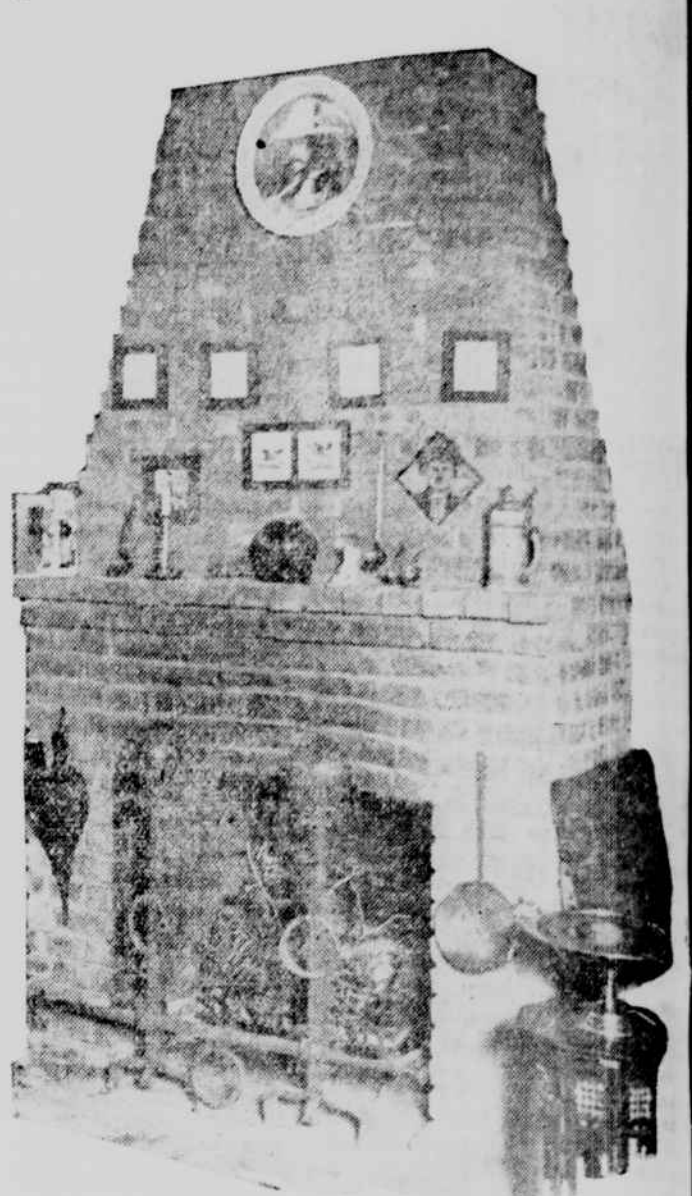
Lift the knocker on Mrs. Burrirt's side of the house. You will find a long corridor that leads to a passage, and a shaft of light will shine that flashes from the orange walls of the reception room and big 30-foot studio beyond.

A hospitable fireplace is the dominating note of the room, and as summer comes on and the weather waxes hot the interest turns to the green walled tearoom overlooking the studio.

Mrs. Burrirt has made interesting use of lattice work in decorating her studio, and the construction is very simple. She took common lath, stained it to suit her fancy, then tacked it to

the street through a small vestibule, which, fitted with grill work near the ceiling, provides ventilation without exposing the occupants to the gaze of those who pass by. On her daughter's

Kitchen, both sunny and bright, set apart for her needs on the third floor. It happened that a small open grate of rather unusual pattern was found in the house, so it was installed in the



As good a fireplace as any New England farm's to cheer the stable dweller.

From the Old Hamilton Fish Barn On Nineteenth Street She Has Made Her Present Home.

dining room, where its quaint hobbs are found convenient to keep hot the toast and tea.

One comes away from this novel stable-studio-home with the impression of its being a country cottage in the midst of urban surroundings, which is precisely what Mrs. Burrirt has aimed to suggest. She has made use of cottage furnishings wherever she could. There are no door knobs in the house,

"The Third Boarder Pays"-- A Mathematical Fact In Vacations

BOARDING house keepers of the thrifty sort will tell you that two "paying guests" cover the "board" of three; that is, every third boarder is a profit. This is according to the age-old principle of a saving in wholesale rates. There is no claim laid to originality in suggesting the application of a variation of this principle to vacation plans. Mr. Cook's tours are now renowned, and it is probable that a similar notion animated Noah when he made preparations for the accommodation of his heterogeneous household guests on the forty-day trip to Ararat. But a basic idea is none the less valuable because it is handy, and in nine cases out of ten the comfortable, inexpensive vacation is the co-operative vacation.

Not long ago two young women, wage earners, moldering the problem of a two weeks' outing for the coming summer, pushed on their way through a big department store to watch the demonstration of a portable house. The demonstrator knew his business, and was not averse to answering questions. He succeeded in impressing his hearers with the advantages of a habitation that could be moved and put together easily and at small cost. He pointed out the possibilities in screened

windows, creosote treated floors, camp cooking outfits and folding furniture. In the end the vacation seekers made hurried mathematical calculations, counted their pennies and considered the problem solved.

A Good Renting Proposition.

The actual cost of the house was more than they had planned to spend upon their entire vacation, but there were sleeping accommodations for four, and it is not difficult to find two other friends whose time for dropping work was the same as their own and who were more than willing to go shares on the portable house scheme. Moreover, after talking the matter over with several other members of the vast army of workers, they have come to look upon their purchase as an investment. Not only will they be able to set it up in another locality next year if they are pleased with the present experiment, but they have already had several offers from late summer vacationers who are able to

rent though not to buy. They think there will be enough from their prospective tenants to give them their money back.

Another co-operative vacation scheduled for this summer is to be taken by a party of eight in a cottage on one of the islands in Casco Bay. Last year several of the crowd boarded for several weeks on the island, delighted in its out-of-door possibilities, but found themselves badly housed and fed, and having talked the matter over, decided that the discomforts were of the sort easily remedied. There was never any hot water, simply because the mistress of the house never remembered to fill the big tank at the back of the kitchen range. There was never any place to sit on stormy days except the cubby-hole bedrooms, because "roomers" were not accorded the hospitality of the living room, with its many windows and wide fireplace. So they pooled their funds, secured a similar cottage in the neighborhood, at the rate of \$200 for the season--July and August. And this year they count upon driftwood fires, abundant hot baths, "home comfort" combined with sea air. The housekeeper is to be done week and week about, and is to be of the simplest sort. Then it is agreed that the community fund must be large enough to admit of dinners at the hotel if the housekeepers at any time weary of well doing.

How An Automobile Agent Helped.

A young married woman, whose husband was an agent for an automobile firm, used the co-operative idea to help some friends to a cheap outing last summer. She often accompanied him on demonstration spins through his territory, which was in the lake district, and one day when there was to be an empty seat in the car she suggested that they invite a former schoolmate, now a tired little teacher, to go, too. A picnic supper was packed and a jolly evening gathered about a camp fire, over which they broiled thin slices of bacon suspended on long sticks--a delightful addition to the collation, by the way. On the home trip it was decided that this should be the first of a series of "bacon bays," the suppers at the succeeding ones to be Dutch treat, however.

Houseboats, gypsy wagons, bicycling and tramping trips, and for vacation seekers from small towns furnished city apartments, all offer possibilities for co-operative holiday.

Vignettes from Serbia--From the Letters of a Woman Journalist

Dear Bab: Back in Nash, I am more than ever impressed with the horrid ruin that war has laid on Serbia. Not, of course, that there was any tremendous standard of life to demolish in this wretched village. Judge from my hotel. An obliging Italian merchant has taken himself to the curbstone, and forthwith the three alien women are admitted to his late quarters, which look on the greenest, most odoriferous courtyard I ever encountered.

There is no sanitation. There is some slaughtering down in the courtyard. There are no shades to the window, but why catalogue the petty trials at just this terrible time? I have my reason, for, although I am much less eager than I used to be to rush American Red Cross units to countries whose citizens have failed to take upon themselves and of their several governments the business of preserving peace, I am more eager than ever that our Red Cross units be sent to countries like Serbia, where standing object lessons on the worth of sanitary standards and organized effort may likely be the inspiring memories of peace.

The Serbians have a most endearing polish and are properly chaste in their constant speeches to me about the work Dr. Ryan has done in Belgrade and the miracle his hospital is. Dr. Ryan--by the way, the only modest Red Cross doctor I have met--only suggested his shoulders when I transferred the laurelled speeches. "I know," he said, "but it's really nothing except that what happens in this hospital at 9:10 o'clock one morning happens at 9:10 the next day." And the truth is that this American keeping faith with a schedule and a clock will probably do as much good for the country in just that way as by the medical service he has rendered.

I keep on meeting in the hospitals men who have been to America, and who, through this war, are thrice and four times fond of the freedom from war we have at home. Up in the American hospital they have a Croatian orderly. His story is quite simple. He had been in America seven years, first

Many Little Chorus Girls from School is the Dillingham Idea

By ELSIE CARROLL.

THERE is to be in New York a "new thing under the sun," a school for chorus girls. This school is based on the idea that the public is tired of the old, old chorus girl (which may be taken both ways), so the purpose is to turn out a finished product, capable of better work than has been seen heretofore in the musical comedies of any city, an up-to-date, composite expression of dancing, singing and appearance. Or, rather, the other way around, for the item of appearance stands first in the category of requirements.

This school is to be opened by the kindness of Charles Dillingham, tuition free. And Mr. Dillingham is to carry all expenses, even providing the use of his theatre, the Globe, for the lessons.

"When one considers the number of stage struck girls, however," said Mr. Kline, speaking for Mr. Dillingham, "you would scarcely believe that out of the number already applying for the lessons there are about two out of five hundred and fifty or four out of five hundred that are really adequate for the work. And yet the applications have come from every class and everywhere, from Barnard college and the department stores, from Canada and California, though as far as quantity is concerned the greater number are from New York."

One that applied from Vermont wrote as follows: "Dear Sir: I saw your advertisement

in the N. Y. papers about a Summer School in the Globe Theatre. I also notice that their will be no tuition fee, but where can a young girl 19 be boarding in N. Y. and be safe, kindly let me know, dear Sir I have a niece 19 years old she is a real French girl and is in the country since two years to learn English she is very smart and I think that she could do what she would undertake she now speaks French German and English I will put a few pictures in this letter of her I think you will judge yourself that she is full of fun she will like traveling dancing laughing yoking, she was in a convent here but she did not want to return to it and I really think that if she could enter a ballet school she certainly could succeed to her work, she is now in Seminary and every Saturday they have dance and the school is half boy's and half girls so she is used to be mixed in society but the control of the school is very strict you see in N. Y. in a boarding house she would be able to go out alone that is one thing which would be dangerous for her I would be afraid that she run away with some kind of nothy boy like the city is full of it--dear Sir she is not too lively for a stage but in a city she would be to lively to be let alone by herself without anybody near by to protect her and not let her run, she is used to a small city but in city like N. Y. is to big for her alone especially as she is French she don't know and has not learned yet to be boyish like the American girls to cheer the world alone they know better to be independent and to manage themselves alone I have put her for the purpose in this school where she is now so to learn the American girl's way of independence especially so she be used to boys and not care for them even if she has to work with any, but I think in a Ballet she would be only with girls.

The responsibility for this young lady Mr. Dillingham respectfully declined.

The last day for applications will be on June 8, and the girls that still want to apply may thank the homely, unattractive girls for trying to get into the first rank. If it had not been for their rush forward the lists would have closed on the first day of June.

"Why do all these impossibles apply?" Mr. Kline was asked. He replied: "Because they believe what their friends tell them. We haven't had a girl come in who has not said that her friends all told her she had talent, and ought to go on the stage." Mr. Kline held up some photographs submitted, as conclusive testimony to the error of "the friends'" opinions.

Most of the photographs sent in were heads only, and as the head is not the only portion of the chorus girl that goes on the stage, the head pictures were practically worthless as a gauge.

"Nevertheless," continued Mr. Kline, "we shall send for them all and give them all a chance, and a good chance, to see what they can do. We can generally tell in three days, or to be quite accurate, in ten minutes, what a girl can do, but these girls will have an ample time given them in which to prove their value. But," he remarked



Typical Scholars in the Technique of the Chorus.